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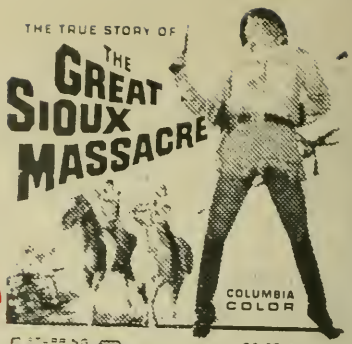

APRIL 1 JOSEPH COTTEN
DARREN McGAVIN
CO-STARRING JULIE SOMMARS
NANCY KOVACK
with MICHAEL PATE

APRIL 8 **Arizona Raiders**

APRIL 15 *Ride Beyond Vengeance*

Rothe Hall

APRIL 1 DIAMOND HEAD (Color)
Charlton Heston, Yvette Mimieux, George Chakiris, France Nuyen, James Darren

APRIL 8 **Gone Are The Days**

APRIL 15 *the GUNS of NAVARONE*

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M•P NEWS

Larry Dewey
EDITOR

D.V Fletcher
DESIGN

W. Weinberger
SPORTS

R Morsette
PHOTOGRAPHER

Pete Demarais
ARTIST

Cecil Chappell
MULTILITH

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A Member of the Penal Press

Volume VIII Number 5
March 1967

STIR-TIS-TICS

High Number	22 029	Low Number	6 235
Population Inside	335	Rothe Hall	171
Women's Quarters	8	Ranches	8
Misc. Trusties	8	Total	530

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About the Cover

This months cover depicts the proper method of basting a Hungarian Pot Roast. Permission is hereby given the Lodgers Ledger to reproduce this cover.

the Editors Desk

Larry Dewey

Over the past few months I have been presenting editorials which have dealt with problems, programs, and projects related to returning incarcerated people to society, hopefully to become useful citizens. This month I would like to discuss what is being done to keep people out of our reformatories and prisons.

President Lyndon Johnson created a Presidential Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice on July 26th, 1965. At that time he empowered it "with a mandate to seek daring, revolutionary ideas for a campaign against crime."

Mr. Walter R. Mears recently reported on this commission in an article appearing on February 22nd in the Montana Standard-Post entitled "Johnson's Crime Commission Says Lawlessness Can Be Controlled." The majority of this article related to criminal justice in the nation's courts with the crime commission's primary finding stated, "The most urgent need of the agencies of criminal justice in the states and cities is money with which to finance the multitude of improvements they must make." Mr. Mears stated, "The commission said increased

state and city spending is going to be vital, too." The object here was, in part, that defiance of our courts stems partly from lack of respect caused by some antiquated features within our halls of justice. Equal treatment for all under just laws, strange as this may seem, can prevent some kinds of crime--particularly, those which are based on resentment of an undue amount of authoritarian pressure (Note: This is not to be compared with the proper authority invested in our courts that is properly applied; many courts in the United States do admirable jobs under inadequate conditions.).

The American people, including Montana citizens, can justly be concerned with rising crime rates. But, as the crime commission said, "America must translate its well-founded alarm about crime into social action that will prevent crime." How can this be done?

In one of his articles, published in the Montana Standard, Drew Pearson said that Rep. James Scheuer, D-N.Y., proposes that $100 million be spent on a new approach to the causes of crime. Drew Pearson reported as follows:

"What few people realize is that the F. B. I., the government's No. 1 detective bureau, had no funds for Federal Crime Research until 1966 and then only $200,000. In the meantime, the National Institutes of Health spend $1.3 billion a year for research into cancer, etc. The Agriculture Department also earmarks $139.8 million a year for crop and food research.

"Meanwhile, crime in the U. S. costs over $27 billion a year. A man is shot to death every 30 minutes; there's a rape every 26 minutes; a robbery every 5 minutes; an aggravated assault every 3 minutes; a car theft every 1 minute; a burglary every 28 seconds; a larceny every 12 seconds.

"The seizure of narcotics rose 60 per cent from 1962 to 1965. Auto theft costs about $500 million per year. Yet the fact is that a policeman has little more to work with than he had 30 years ago--a pistol, a nightstick, in some cases a can of tear gas.

"To bring us up to date, Rep. Scheuer has proposed a national institute for crime prevention and control which in part would provide the Justice Department and local law enforcement agencies with a research arm comparable to that of the National Institutes of Health.

"The crime institute would engage in many activities, including improvement of training and weapons of police

officers, criminal behavior research, demonstration projects dealing with the causes of crime, and better involvement of the public in law enforcement.

"'It's shocking to hear of people watching a murder in the streets and refusing to do anything because they don't want to "get involved,"' says Scheuer. 'We must assure witnesses full protection and educate people to report crimes immediately. The institute also would promote greater use of technological capabilities in crime detection, than are now being used.'

"Scheuer suggests, for example, that taxicabs, a target for holdups, be equipped with a button signaling device that would activate an infrared attachment on streetcorner lamp posts or mailboxes, notifying police. He also advocates the use of knockout pellets, instead of bullets, in police guns which would immobilize escaping criminals without lethal effect.

"'We use such pellets on bears in Yellowstone Park when they threaten human beings,' the New York congressman points out. 'Why not on human criminals when they refuse to submit to custody? Why shoot them down if they attempt to escape from a car theft or a misdemeanor?'"

As noted above, better methods of apprehending criminals and prosecuting their cases are being sought. But included in this is also a program of research as to why people commit crimes.

I'm sure that as this program of research becomes more conclusive we are going to find a renewed emphasis on family living and the responsibilities of parents to their children. Also, the two all-encompassing fields--environment and heredity--will be bandied back and forth in discussions. Let me submit that no one today fully understands why one boy in a family will become a criminal while his brother, under identical conditions, won't.

While I am wholeheartedly for this research in trying to prevent crime and incarcerations (Like most men who have served several years, I don't like to see so many young people end up in these prisons.), I am of the opinion we are overlooking something. We may place the responsibility of crime on parents, environment or the offender himself. But sometimes this blame is misunderstood, especially in regards to parents.

Parents often retort, and I think justly so, "But I did all I could for him. He had a good home, good food and clothes, etc." They feel they have done their job.

The same may be said of teachers, ministers, etc. in their respective fields.

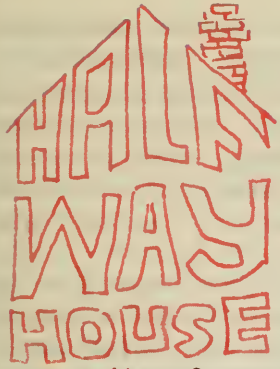
But the clincher is this, as young people grow up they need to be told with words as well as actions two simple sentences: "I love you" and "You are responsible."

Over and over in the past five years I've been here at the Montana State Prison I've been astonished at the evidences of the lack of love some men manifest because they never knew the love of parents (It could be the parents thought they showed their love but actually failed to make it clear by not telling the child verbally or by their actions as he grew.).

In the ultimate decision the man who commits a crime is held responsible in the courts. But in some cases this is the first time he knows without a doubt that he is responsible. Somehow this individual authority, which creates respect for other authority, must be taught--beginning at the cradle. Too often it is taught to the child thru a fear process--creating resentment and rebellion, and alienating love--teaching the child the meaning of tyranny.

It is not the privilege of every child to grow into manhood with a keen awareness of love and a sense of his own responsibility as it relates both to himself and to others. It should be. And where individuals grow up with it, there we will prevent crime and we will prevent the need for incarceration.

Montana Half-way House Committee, see p. 7



COMMITTEE MEETS

In spite of snow, icy roads and blustery winds, which created near-blizzard conditions, a large number of people gathered at the Montana State Prison on February 16th to discuss Montana's half-way house needs. Representing The Methodist Church's interests in the project were Dr. Robert Holmes, Chaplain of Rocky Mountain College, Billings--Committee Chairman; Rev. Bob Lamphere, pastor of the Saco Methodist Church; Rev. Ted Cox, Chairman of the Commission on Hospitals and Homes, from Dutton; Rev. J. Holland Vernon, Superintendent of the Glacier Park District (northern Montana) from Great Falls; Mrs. William Senter, Butte; Mrs. Florence Williams, Butte; and Mr. Dave Vana, Missoula. Various departments in the state were represented by Mr. Arthur Vance, Federal Probation Officer, Billings; Dr. W. W. Wright, Sociologist at the University of Montana, Missoula;Miss Annette Lewis,Mineral County Human Resources, Missoula; and Dr. Harry C. Xanthopolous, psychiatrist from Warm Springs and visiting psychiatrist to M. S. P. The prison officials in attendance were Mr. R.L. Dwight, Deputy Warden; Mr. B. C. Miles, Director of Classification and Treatment; Mr. George Christensen, Job Placement Officer; and Chaplain John E. Rex. Alcoholism was represented by Mr. Walter Custer, Northwest Montana Council on Alcoholism, Missoula; Mr. Ed Gendle, Director of the State Alcoholism Center and an employee of the Warm Springs Inebriation Treatment Program; and Joe Johnson, Secretary of the Montana Prison Alcoholism Recovery Program. Also in attendance were Joe Eder, who initiated the idea for the first half-way house program in Montana, and Larry Dewey, this magazine's editor.

As indicated by this listing a number of questions are being dealt with in connection with this project. The problems of who would be eligible, the rate of recidi-

vism, budgets, and public awareness and public education were most thoroughly discussed. Three categories of half-way house users were discussed: released alcoholics from the Warm Springs treatment center, patients being released from the hospital in Warm Springs, and prisoners being released to parole from the State Prison in Deer Lodge (this latter including both alcoholics and non-alcoholics).

Dr. Wright suggested in a meeting of the committee in January that a program be established to build approximately 5 houses in key cities throughout the state which would receive around 5 persons from each of the three above named categories at any given time, thus feeding only 90 persons into any one community during a year. Upon discussing this further on February 16th the committee agreed that what is being discussed is a "program," not just a building; but it was also conceded that an initial house must be established and upon receiving the question from Rev. J. Holland Vernon on whether to establish the first one in Great Falls or Billings it was decided to do so in Billings. The main reason for this choice is the work of Father John Bauer to establish a half-way house in Helena, which isn't too far from Great Falls. A note of humor was struck by Mr. R. L. Dwight at this time when he said, "Besides this, you might consider we do most of our business with Billings."

In a listing of items the committee has agreed on, the following were stated:

"Two possible variations of half-way houses were discussed (in January), each a multi-purpose facility. One would have clientele evenly divided among treatment releasees from the state hospital, alcoholism program releasees, and prison releasees or parolees.

"The second would be divided among only the latter two types.

"Using a basis of 15, of either type or combination, the house would require a resident couple who would handle cooking, planning and maintenance; a resident counselor (preferably a clinical psychologist or psychiatric caseworker); additional help, not on the payroll, but available for semi-professional services, such as college upper-division or graduate students who could assist as counselors, interviewers, research workers. The clientele would be expected to assume some of the tasks in

day-to-day operation of the house.

"Sufficient organization of community facilities and services would have to be arranged to furnish all professional and helping services not furnished by the house. Also, contact with personnel involved with supervision and post-treatment care should be arranged and understood.

"The average stay could be as little as three weeks or as long as six weeks, depending upon the economy of the community, social organization of the house, and the cooperation of other agencies and facilities.

"Each client would be furnished with board and room, assistance with purchase of clothing or with clothing from a donated pool, given sufficient spending money for personal needs (possibly $10 per week) as long as it is needed and as long as he is honestly looking for work. When employed, he could continue to live at the house until he became self-supporting. When employed, he would be expected to pay room and board ($25 per week would be a reasonable figure),and after he leaves the house would be expected to repay room and board from the day of his arrival.

"Disregarding re-payment or self-support, such a house could be expected to cost about $50,000 to operate for the first year, with individual rooms, an apartment for the couple, and offices for necessary interviews. Support or repayment funds could reduce this. There would be very little chance to force any repayment, but past experiences in some houses has showed as high as 80% repayment.

"One final caution: The inmates and patients who normally come to such a facility are the least optimistic of all cases coming out of the institution. A fairly visible failure rate should be anticipated, but a much lower rate than release without such a facility." It should also be noted that the patients referred to, like the inmates, will have been screened to determine whether such a program would be of help to them; these patients are not insane, but patients cleared for their return to society. Mr. Dwight, upon being asked concerning how a pre-release center would affect applications of inmates to the half-way houses, said, "I'm sure some men who have no jobs who apply for half-way house help could be sent directly from the pre-release center."

Mr. B. C. Miles introduced the question as to whether

an adequate education of the public on the local level was being put forth and how aware the public is concerning the projects. It was agreed that the general public is fairly well aware of the projects, but that an emphasis is needed to educate the public further on the local level in order to obtain public support.

Thorough discussion involving alcoholism and the case of mentally retarded individuals were also discussed. Much of this committee's findings were due to the fine work of Dr. W. W. Wright and the Department of Sociology of the Montana State University in Missoula.

There is much to consider and a lot of work to be done to make these half-way houses into existing, working realities. The work is underway; progress is being made. The M. P. NEWS will continue to publish reports from time to time as these homes for the homeless develop and open for business.

BELOW: Part of the group of 21 people who comprised the Half-way House Committee sponsored by The Methodist Church and meeting at the Montana State Prison on February 16th, 1967.

An absent minded man is one who helps his wife into the car when no one is looking.

WHY SCHOOL?

The questions "Why do inmates attend school?" and "Is school doing any good?" came up in a discussion several days ago. Everyone seemed to have a different viewpoint, so I resolved to go straight to the source--the students themselves.

Each inmate interviewed was assured that no names would be printed, nor would the identity of anyone be divulged to anyone, period.

So, pencil in hand, I set out. Here's the way it went:

NO. 1 Student. 2nd time in prison. Age 24.

"I passed up the Board in order to finish school and get a diploma (Felt I might be 'flopped' anyway). Having a diploma should help in getting a better job in the future. The extra three days a month 'good time' given for going to school doesn't mean much to me."

NO. 2 Student-teacher. 3rd timer. Age 40.

"I'm in school for various reasons: I want a High School diploma if I can get one. If not, a G. E. D. would be better than nothing. Lack of a diploma has cost me several good jobs in the past. This is my last chance to get one because I sure won't be going to school when I get out of here. I like teaching and since I don't want to work in the other shops here in prison, school is my best bet. The extra good time is important to me."

NO. 3 Student. First timer. Age 30.

"In school for my own benefit. Too short to worry about good time. Wouldn't mind getting a diploma--can never hurt you. School could be greatly improved by having better facilities. Too crowded and noisy now."

NO. 4 Student. First timer. Age 29.

"Came to school because that's where all my buddies were; now they've all been transferred out! In school because I'm too lazy to work in the other shops. Stayed in school for the extra three days good time. And be-

cause I guess I finally got interested in the school work."

NO. 5 Student. First timer. Age 19.

"In school for whatever education I can get. Think the school would be better if we had more qualified teachers (free men)."

NO. 6 Student. First timer. Age 23.

"Asked for a chance to attend school because I know that I need all the education I can get. I figure spending this time studying keeps it from being time completely lost from my life, as it would be otherwise."

I came away from my interview sessions with several convictions: Most of the men in the M. S. P. School are serious about wanting to further their educations. One may be looking forward to someday being a geologist and is eager to learn all he can in those areas that will be of help later when released. Another one may hope to become a writer and recognizes that he will need all the punctuation and spelling available. Almost all seem to recognize that more education will be helpful, regardless of what the future holds for them.

Naturally, there is a minority that regard school as a means of having a "soft go." Sixth week tests and the Director of Education teem up here though, and the school usually loses a certain percentage of people every quarter. The word is "Try or get out and make room for someone who will."

There is no doubt that the M. S. P. School could be improved--if more money were available. Inmate teachers, no matter how qualified (and few really are--in the strictest sense of the word), cannot do the job that certified free men can do. A larger school area would also be a great improvement. Noise is held to a minimum, but it is still sometimes impossible to hear what is going on in class.

There can be little question, however, that the M. S. P. School and the new Vocational Education program for inmates wishing to learn a trade are returning, dollar for dollar, more to the Montana taxpayer than any other program in the prison at the present time. Statistic-wise, those inmates who attend school while in prison have a lower recidivism rate than those who do not attend. This fact alone certainly should impress all thinking people as a valid justification for further school expansion.

the Morning After

SUBMITTED BY *Shorty Maitland*

Good morning, my bright international mate,
My outstanding genius in matters of state.
I trust all is clear in that wonderful mind
That last nite remodeled all of mankind.
Your handling of Russia, Vietnam, Palestine,
Of China and Laos, were masterly fine.
I'm sure you're to be named the man of the year;
Here's four or five aspirins, swallow them, dear.
Arise, my dear darling, it's nigh on towards noon.
I've waited all morning, hoping you'd croon
A measure of "Chloe" or "Deep Rolling Sea,"
Which last nite you sang until half after three.
You wakened the neighbors and tripped on the mat,
And one of the props was your hostess's hat.
I'm sure she will want you again for tonite,
The life of the party whenever you're tight.
Arise, my dear husband, be careful, don't skid;
Arise and consider the damage you did:
The uprooted garden, the splintered garage--
It sounded just like an old-fashioned barrage.
So, go see your hostess and carry a check;
I think if you'll sign it with "Pain in the Neck"
The bank will okay it, for it had to be you,
The guy that went crazy before the dawn and the dew.
Now, my Juvenile Delinquent, my dim-witted duffer,
You say you feel awful; lie there and suffer,
And think of the things that occurred last nite,
The life of the party whenever you're tight!

I regret the error of the reverse captions in last month's issue showing "Champ" Eitner and Marvin Hayes, but the similarity of appearance in these two old gentlemen is so striking that it is easy to make a mistake. Sorry about that.

--Fletcher

Jim Spurlock

Musical Hi-Lites

Just a few lines to bring you all up on the news over in the Band Corner.

This month has been a month on the move for the Western, Pop and Rock & Roll bands. The 24th of February the Western and Rock & Roll bands headed for Galen to play for another of their dances. Both patients and the boys in the bands had a real fine time. Each man in the bands was given four packs of cigarettes after the dance by the people that sponsor the dances. We all thank you very much for these gifts.

This month the Pop Band went down-town to play for a Rotary dinner. We gave them some of the Tijuana Brass numbers and this seemed to go over in a big way. We only hope that this group will be able to participate in some of the future dances that are played for by the M. S. P. Band. Making up this group are Indio Carlson--piano and organ, Jerry Davis--lead trumpet and guitar, Dee Clark--baritone sax, Jack Evans--tenor sax, Jim Spurlock--rhythm guitar, and Mike Connors--drums.

The 5th of March the Western and Rock & Roll groups were back on the road, on their way to play for a dance at the Montana Training School at Boulder. We had a real lively group to play for and they all more than showed their appreciation by the enthusiasm they radi-

ated. Making up these two groups are: Rock & Roll--Rocky Lawrence--vocal and lead guitar, Willie Weinberger --bass, Mike Connor--drums, and Jean Grant--rhythm guitar and also acting clown while the band was taking a break. Making up the Western Bands are Vern Boe--vocal and rhythm, Jim Spurlock--vocal and rhythm, Jerry Davis--lead, and Dave Youngblood--bass; also Fred Lowery--lead guitar, Tracy Morrow--vocal and rhythm guitar, Vick Martell--vocal and rhythm guitar, and Dave Youngblood--bass. All of the men that went on the trip had a lot of fun and hope to be traveling again in the near future.

A new addition to the Band is the big, beautiful Fender Bassman amplifier. We're getting more and better equipment in the Band than any of us have seen for many years. A lot of this is due to having a Band Director that is really interested and pulling for the Band. With all of the new equipment coming, we hope to give you all a bigger and better variety of music.

The SHADOW

This month the Shadow saw Denny Martin trying to convince everybody he can beat Ernie Nichols playing Coon Can..."Futility, what is thy name"...Whirlybird "Just call me 'Mahamud Ali'" Kirkland roaming the yard once more...The Shadow hears that Hot Wire Wenig is convicted of unlawful possession of coffee--Any appeal??...Bubbles Carlson loses his bosom buddy, the Mad Mick via discharge...Comments overheard in the Mess Hall: Every instrument Jerry Davis assaults sounds like a tinny guitar anyhow...Paddy Doyle seeking revenge upon the Shadow--if he can just discover this elusive one's identity...Vern "The Potato King" Boe back at his old stand, caressing the wire...The Shadow commends Bobby Moore in his selfless efforts to impart a modicum of class to Dee Clark

and Dexsby O'Rourke--but you can't make Silk purses out of sow's ears...Speaking of Bob "Packy" Moore, did you hear his song, "Baby Elephant Walk," in the Chow Hall??? Report from the Hospital has it that Marvin "Baldy" Hayes is often mistaken for Turkey "You know who"; something about a lack of Right Guard...Willie Weinberger, now the world's strongest midget; Joe Allen, the world's mightiest dwarf..."Green" Meadows overheard suggesting to Dee Clark that he knows another way for Dee to blow that sax to get a better tone...Cecil Chappell seen informing all the lads in the mysteries of the multilith.. George "I'm innocent" Heiser retains State's Legal Eagle ...George "Scaffold" Moore still faking it in the Laundry...Don "Stutterin' Willie" Rongstad journeying to Galen...Terry Kelly trying to emulate Pat Doyle and Shorty Maitland...Speaking to Shorty, are those terrible things true he says of Denny Wetzel?...Jay Brian and his sidekick "Chili Bean" Trujillo coming in from Rothe Hall to work in the kitchen...

"...SORRY, MRS. SMITH YOUR HUSBAND STILL HASN'T REPORTED YOU MISSING."

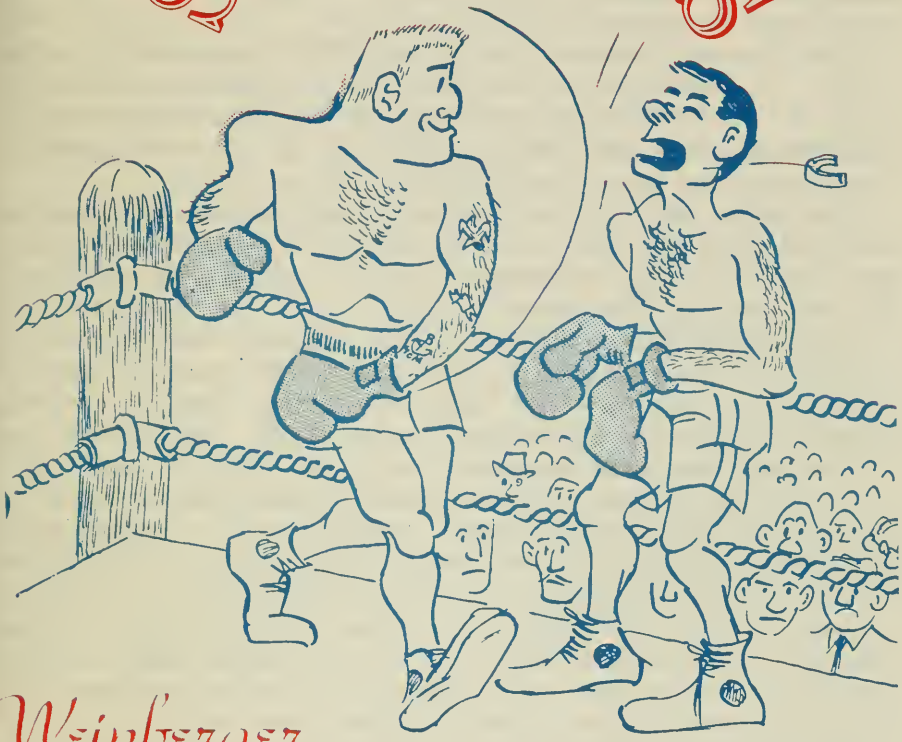
Three elderly men were discussing the reasons for their longevity.

One said, "I drink a glass of whiskey every day."

Another said, "I don't drink at all."

"The reason I lived so long," said the third, "is I kept breathing."

SPORTS



Weinberger

On Saturday, February 26th, the William Clark Theatre was filled with a capacity crowd as the 4th Annual Prison Guards Association Boxing Card got underway.

Dean Kromarek of the Great Falls Boxing Team was awarded the trophy for the Outstanding Boxer for the second straight year.

The Sportsmanship Trophy was awarded to our own Cliff "Cannibal" White Cow.

The AAU-sanctioned card featured 18 bouts, between the prison boxers, Great Falls, Helena, and Havre boxing clubs, with the Havre team being sponsored by the Great Falls club.

The Judges for the event were Mr. Tony Sneberger, Dr.

Mitchell; the Referee was Mr. Von Bergen. The Ring Announcer was Jim Spurlock. Music was provided by the Western Band.

Working the corners for M. S. P. were Tony Morsette and Mr. Gene Ronnemose, the M. S. P. Recreational Director.

The first bout of the evening was an exhibition between two Great Falls boys. They were Eddie Falcon, 112, and Wayne Brugman, 112.

Bout Number 2 showed Randy Day, 200 lbs.--Havre, winning a split-decision over Paul Parrot, 200--M. S. P.

M. S. P. chalked their first win in the third bout of the evening as Joey Descharm,112--M. S. P., won a unanimous decision over Joey La Pier, 112--G. F.

Ben Lodge kept his own personal win streak going as he dropped Jess La Pier for the 8-count in round one, then put the finishing touches on as he K. O.'d Jess La Pier, 147--G. F., in the second round.

Dennis Beauchamp, 170--M. S. P., found himself a K. O. victim at the hands of Ray Schwartz, 170--Havre. Dennis held his own in the opening round, but in round 2 Schwartz opened up with the heavy stuff and it was the finish of Dennis as he was K. O.'d in round 2.

Gerald Decker, 150--G. F., didn't have time to work up a sweat as Bobby "Doo" Dewar, 150--M. S. P., showed some fine boxing ability; he made Decker the victim of a T. K. O. in round one.

Dennis Matt, 118--M. S. P., the hard luck guy, found himself the victim of a T. K. O. in round one, at the hands of Joe Barney, 118--Helena. Barney dropped Matt for the 8-count three times in the first round.

Pepi Herman, 165--M. S. P., and Mike Hanson, 165--Havre, put on a crowd pleaser as they staged a real slug-fest in Bout Number 8. In this bout one man would pound on the other until he was tired and then they would go visa-versa for awhile. The winner of this bout was Hansen by a split decision; the scores for this event were as follows: (59-60) for Herman and (60-58) (60-58) favor of Hansen.

"Red" Rollins, 135--M. S. P., survived a second round knock-down, in the Ninth Bout, but dropped a unanimous decision to Don Wood, 135--Helena. Scores were (60-56) (60-56) (60-57).

Adrian Richard, 175--G. F., dropped a real close decito inmate Richard Brown, 175, in the Tenth Bout. Two

Judges found Brown (60-59) (60-58) and Richard winning one round (60-59).

Bout Number 11 was a real crowd pleaser and a slug-fest between two 118 lbrs. with Mike Hass, 118--Havre, coming out on top and defeating Ralph Williams, 118--Helena. Hass dropped Williams for an 8-count in round two.

Bout Number 12 was real short but sweet for Dick Wagner, 118--Helena, as he uncorked a right hard body shot on Lloyd Hammond, 118--M. S. P., and scored a K. O. in about 15 seconds of round one.

Bob Rogers, 147--G. F., found himself a T. K. O. victim at the hands of Sterling "Crow Sub-Chief" Wallace, 147--M. S. P.;for a guy that's so thin, Wallace uncorked some pretty potent leather on Rogers to score the T. K. O. in Round One.

Cloyce "Crow Chief" Little Light, 150--M. S. P., and Billy Henderson, 150--G. F., squared off in the 14th go around of the evening. Cloyce is another fighter that is slight of build but has real punching power. And he showed it when he opened up on Henderson with a hard left and right to the head, put Henderson down for the big count in Round Two, and scored a clean K. O.

George Yelloweyes, 147--M. S. P., and Jerry Foliat, 147--Helena, were matched in the Special Event of the evening. In this fight our boy was literally robbed; however, the Judges saw the Helena youth ahead by scores of (60-59) (60-59). George won one round (60-59).

Don Woods, 135--Helena, made his second appearance of the evening in the 16th bout as he and Don "Duck" Kemp, 135--Havre, put on an exhibition.

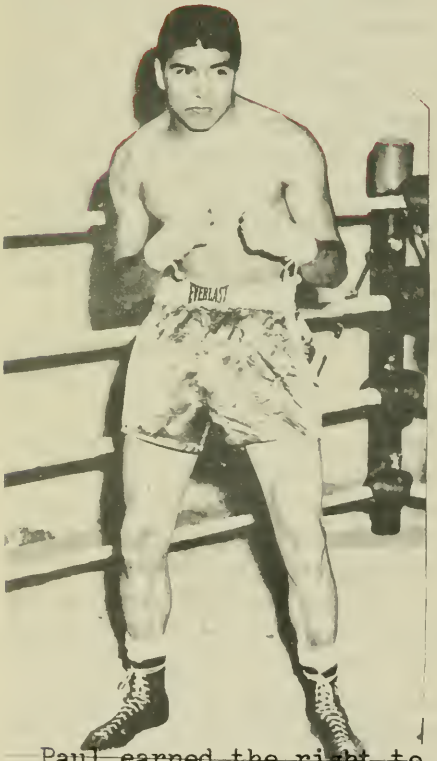
In the first half of the double Main Event, we saw Dean Kromarek, 125--G. F., and Clifford White Cow, 130--M. S. P., match their know-how. Dean had a slight edge on Cliff as he pounded out a unanimous decision over White Cow. Both boys set a real fast pace and kept it up throughout the fight. They showed that they both knew their way around the squared-circle as they took care of the business at hand. Dean received the Outstanding Boxer Award, this being the second time he has received the same award on two separate occasions here at the prison. The scores for the bout were (60-59)(60-57) (60-58), all in favor of Kromarek.

In the other Main Event, we saw David Hopkins, 220--M. S. P., score a decisive victory over the current

Montana State Golden Gloves Heavyweight Champion, Ken La Mere, 200--Helena. Kenny came out looking for the fast K. O., but ran into some heavy stuff himself as Hopkins dropped him for the 8-count in Round One. Hoppy kept Kenny off balance throughout the fight and managed to come up with the victory. The final scores of the Judges saw Hoppy winning all three rounds (60-55) (59-57) (59-57).

After the fights, the trophies were presented to the prospective winners for Sportsmanship and Outstanding Boxer. All in all, the fights were enjoyed by all who attended. We are looking forward to possibly one more card before the season is over.

SPORTS Feature



At various times a sports feature is put into our magazine. No one is more deserving than Paul Bad Horse; here is one who made good outside, and these are the boys we don't hear too much about.

Paul was one of the best boxers that has entered into this prison. He trained hard all the time, but could never seem to get a bout.

He left here in December of 1966, and I'm happy to say that all the training and roadwork that he did while here has paid off for him. It just goes to show that if a person wants something bad enough and if he'll work at it he will reap benefits from it, as Paul has proven.

Paul earned the right to represent Los Angeles, California in the National Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, by winning the Golden Gloves Middleweight Championship from Don Smith

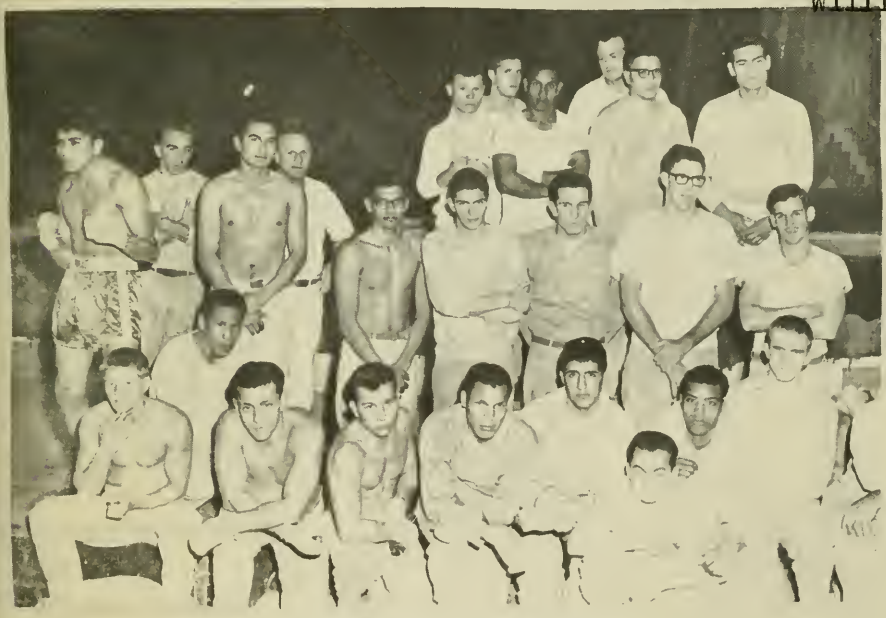
in Los Angeles. Paul got into the California meet by somewhat of a fluke and a whole lot of body luck. Upon arriving in Los Angeles he called a former Lodge Grass man who had been looking for a replacement for the Los Angeles club's boy,who had qualified for the Semi-finals but had been injured. A call to the California Athletic Commission got Bad Horse okayed as a substitute.

According to the papers he won a bruising battle in the Semi-finals, thus earning the right for the title and the right to represent California in the National's. And represent them he did as he came away, I'm happy to say, the National Champion of the 165 lb. class. He gained a unanimous decision over Art Alderete of Salt Lake City.

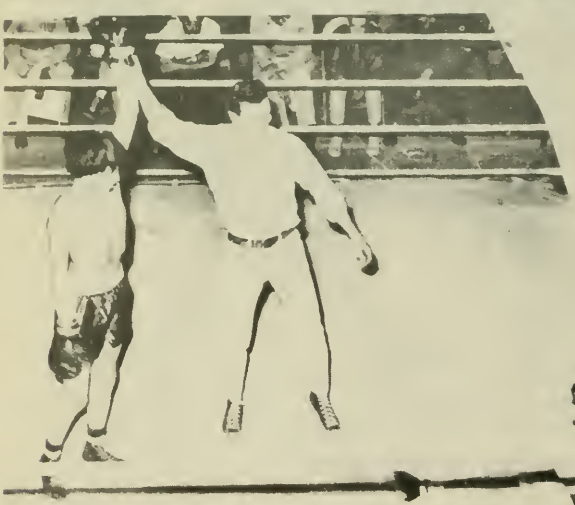
Having known Paul personally, I can't help but feel that with the right handling and training this boy can and will go a long way in the pugilistic sport.

Not much more on the sports scene except weight-lifting, and that comes under Body Shop. But softball season isn't too far away and, with the weather being nice for a few days this month, some of the men had an early start of practice; they had a couple of make-up games already. Would you believe--it's winter!

Until next month,
Willie

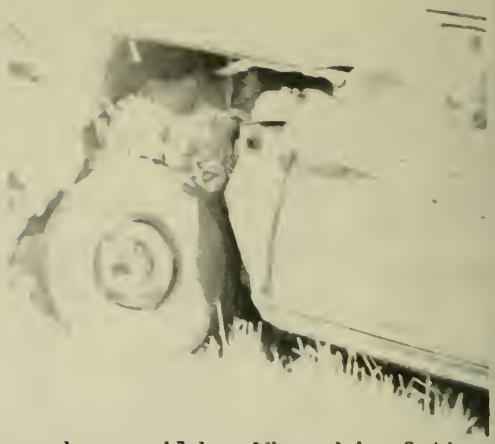


GROUP PHOTO OF BOXERS



A Time To Cry

Leonard Stidham



Steve Austin hadn't always been wild. When his father was still alive, he was like any other boy his age, interested in sports and all the other things that a 16 year old boy was interested in. When George Austin was killed in the mine explosion, Steve took it a lot harder than anyone noticed. He never said much but the hurt was there inside him,not any less because it wasn't displayed on the surface.

Probably the first sign of coming trouble was when he dropped out of school about a year after his father's death. He used, for an excuse, the fact that there was very little money, and his mother, Grace Austin, after a feeble attempt or two to get him to go back just let it slide. She had always left the discipline of Steve to George and now that George was no longer available to talk to Steve, she didn't know how to take over the job herself.

Steve got a job at Phil's Service on East Main in Copperville and began to lead a life quite different from that which he had lived before. For one thing, he started drinking, and when Grace first caught him coming home a little under the weather she trid to talk to him. He got angry and told her that since he was working and paying his way he would do as he saw fit and she didn't dare mention it to him again because she was afraid that she would lose him completely.

The summer Steve was 19, Grace told him that she was going to get married again to the superintendent of the local grade school. She tried to break it to him as

gently as she could, but Steve flew into a race and, packing his clothes, left the house. He found a small apartment close to the gas station where he worked and refused to talk to his mother on the phone or see her when she came to the station. Grace put off her wedding to Bill Feeney for several months hoping to form a reconcilliation with Steve;but it finally narrowed down to a choice between Steve and Bill,so she finally agreed to the marriage.

That was the way things stood the night of the accident. Steve was working late that night. He usually got off at 6:00 P.M. but Phil had called in and told him that he would have to stay till 9:00 because there had been an accident and he had to take the wrecker out.

"Try to get back by nine for sure," said Steve on the phone to Phil. "I've got a heavy date tonight."

"Just make sure that you get some sleep so you don't show up for work canned up again tomorrow," said Phil. "One more time like last Monday and I'm gonna start looking for another boy."

"Don't get all steamed up," said Steve, and he hung up the phone a little harder than necessary.

A car pulled up in front of the pump outside and Steve went out to see what they wanted. "Maybe he thinks I can't get another job," he thought as he walked towards the car.

The horn blared and Steve was about ready to tell whoever it was to keep their shirt on when he recognized Jerry Olson.

"Hey, buddy," said Jerry. "Let's have a little service around here." He leaned on the horn again. Steve got a whiff of Jerry's breath when he leaned down to the open window. There was an open can of beer beside Jerry on the seat and a six-pack with one can gone sitting on the floor. Jerry took a can out of the six-pack and, flipping off the pop top, handed it to Steve. Steve took a long drink and, wiping off his mouth with the back of his hand, said, "Man, that really hits the spot. Tastes like more."

"How come you're still working?" asked Jerry.

"Phil took the wrecker out," said Steve. "He should be back about nine."

"I'm gonna go pick up Jean," said Jerry. "We'll meet you at the "Hut" about 10:00, okay?"

"Make it 10:30," said Steve.

Jerry pulled away from the pump and Steve, finishing off the can of beer, went back inside the station. He put the empty in the trash barrel just inside the door and covered it with some old papers.

When Phil parked the wrecker behind the station a few minutes later, Steve was just finishing checking out the till. While Phil was checking his figures, Steve went out the door and walked around the corner of the station where his car was parked. The blue, 64 Ford, looking low, sleek and fast was sitting in the parking lot beside the wrecker. Steve slid under the wheel and turned the key on. The engine caught and he let it idle for a few seconds. The dual "Smittys" gave off a low, throaty rumble and Steve smiled to himself as he thought of how much time and money he had spent on the car. He backed around the corner of the station and up to the pumps. Getting out, he stuck the hose in the tank and, letting it run, he started wiping off the windows with a chamois skin. When he was finished, he went inside and wrote down the gas on his bill and, saying goodnight to Phil, left the station.

At 20 minutes after 10, Steve pulled up in front of a house on Oak Street. He gave a couple of blasts on the horn and a few seconds later Lois Bingham came out and walked towards the car. Steve got a good feeling when he looked at her. She had on a white dress made of some kind of filmy material that made a pleasing contrast to the long dark hair that hung down over her shoulders. Steve reached across the seat and unlatched the door and she slid into the seat beside him. She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek and said, "Well, what's it going to be tonight?"

"We're meeting Jerry and Jean at the 'Hut,'"said Steve "and I thought we'd go to Wallace later on if it's okay with you. There's a dance there."

Lois said, not very enthusiastically, "That will be okay, I guess."

"What's the matter," said Steve. "Don't you like the idea?"

"No...," said Lois,"it's just that lately,everytime we go out, it seems that Jerry is around someplace."

"You like Jean, don't you," said Steve.

"Yes, but..., Oh, never mind," said Lois.

They rode the rest of the way to the "Hut" in silence. Jerry and Jean were sitting in a back booth and, when

they saw Lois and Steve, they waved them over. They had two drinks and then, at Lois's suggestion, decided to leave for the dance. On the way out, Jerry stopped at the bar and bought a fifth of whiskey.

On the way to Wallace, Jerry kept handing the fifth over the seat to Steve, and between them,it was half empty when they pulled into town. Wallace was a small little place but it was popular with the younger crowd, especially when there was a dance there.

They made a couple swings up and down the main street and then parked at the dance hall. Jerry's speech was getting thick and Steve could also feel the effects of the whiskey. Steve danced twice with Lois and once with Jean before going outside with Jerry for another drink. As the evening wore on, the trips outside became more frequent and, at 2 A. M., when the dance was over, the fifth was gone. When they got ready to leave, Lois told Steve to give her the keys for the car.

"Whatsa matter," said Steve. "Fraid I'm too drunk to drive?"

"If you want the truth, yes," said Lois.

"Just you never mind ole Steve, I'm alright," said Steve.

He fumbled with the key and finally got the door unlocked. Lois, with mis-givings plainly written on her face, got in and Steve started the engine. Jerry and Jean climbed in the back seat and Steve gunned the motor and listened to the "Smittys" crack. He backed out of the parking space and, with the floor stick in low, floored the accelerator. The car shot forward and when they were even with the dance hall, he let up on the gas and the mufflers roared.

Jerry, in the back seat, said, "Oh, oh, fuzz."

Steve glanced in the rear view mirror and saw a car with the insignia of the state highway patrol pull out of a gas station about a block back. He hesitated a few seconds, then shifted into second. He shoved the accelerator to the floor and when the engine was wound up tight shifted again.

"Please, Steve, pull over and stop," said Lois. "You can't out-run him!"

"I'm not paying any fine for drunken driving," said Steve. "Just hang on and I'll lose him."

They went through the outskirts of town with the speedometer hanging right on 90. The patrol car gained a

little.

"They'll radio ahead and set up a road block," said Jerry, who had suddenly become quite sober. Jean was crying.

"There's a gravel road about 3 miles out that leads to that old mine," said Steve. "There's a half dozen roads around there I can lose him on."

Lois had scrunched down in the seat with a terrified look on her face.

Steve glanced at the speedometer and saw that it was wavering at 120. The siren from the patrol car came to them as a thin wailing in the distance.

Steve could see the tail lights of a car about a half mile in front of him. He was gaining fast. The car in front had started up a hill when Steve caught up to him. He pulled the steering wheel to the right and had just started around him when he was blinded by the headlights of another car coming over the hill right in front of him. He heard a shrill scream from someone and then a rending, screeching of tortured metal. After that, nothing...

Three months later, on a warm September afternoon, Mrs. Bill Feeney sat staring at the afternoon paper that had just been delivered. In large block letters on the front page were the words, "STEVE AUSTIN GETS TWENTY YEARS!" The story followed: "Nineteen year old Steve Austin was sentenced to 20 years hard labor this morning for the crime of manslaughter. The sentence was imposed by Judge John H. McCulloch and resulted from the traffic death of 5 people June 22, this year. Austin was the driver of the car in which 3 of the five persons were killed. He was being pursued by a highway patrolman and attempted to pass a car driven by George Gunther of Copperville. A car driven by Austin's step-father, William Feeney, also of Copperville, came over the hill as Austin's vehicle was attempting to pass and a spectacular head-on crash occurred. Killed were Lois Bingham, 19; Jean Hanson, 18; Jerry Olson, 20; passengers in the Austin vehicle; George Gunther, 50, and William Feeney, 47, drivers of the other two cars.

"In a comment, Judge McCulloch made this statement: 'Any sentence that this court can impose will, in no way compare to the terrible sentence of guilt and anguish that Austin will be forced to live with the rest of his life.'"

FOOLS LAMENT

This article was taken from one of the prison papers, and we have mislaid this paper, so do not know the author or publication. Sorry!

Lord God of everybody else, hear the prayer of one who never had one. Lord God of other people's prizes, of long life and the necessary education and the balanced diet and good luck, of red steak and fresh fruit, of milk delivered to the doorstep and the principle of one kid one bedroom in a good neighborhood, of battery boys and two weeks' paid vacation and no heavy lifting and fringe benefits and all the stuff in magazines, give us this day.

Help me to show a profit, Lord. Sweeten the pot, please with bread in the bank and traffic jam. Inscribe me for credit cards, for the devices of comfort and the tools of fun. Let me go shopping, God, and eat in restaurants. Let there be consumer reports' by my bedlamp, and decent clothes in my closets. And let me have a telephone and personal mail and whatever is fair.

Lord God of shipping clerks, of old men with pails and mops, of people in stockrooms, of cleaning women, of redcaps, of unskilled labor and kids on ADC, heal the broken vein, protect the drop-out and deliver the delivery boy. Get us one day on the Long Form, God.

Without joy have I laughed at the way of others. Mocked their patience and their privileged wills. Played it cool. Split when I should have stayed put. Cried "drag" over the long pull. Gigless, knocked all gigs.

My cool burns in me, Lord. I am weary of my reasons. As weary of the good ones as of the bad ones. Tired of my justification, of my rightness and my righteousness. Nothing counts now but getting on. And I would have my anger blunted and lose my rage.

Make me Gung-Ho, for God's sake. Give me stick-to-it-ivity. Or whatever else it takes. Let me be reconciled at once. And lend me the power to forgive those who do not probably deserve it. For nothing counts now but getting on and I am not getting anywhere. Teach me, oh Lord, to play ball. Make me square. Please help me to

learn a trade, God. Oh Lord, oh God, in thy divine mercy I ask of thee help to be an auto mechanic, a machinist, a clerk in a store. Teach me to repair TV sets, to sew a fine seam, to mend the torn and broken as I would mend myself. Teach me to type, Lord, to take dictation. Teach me electronics. Prepare me for automation. Give me skills. Teach me to make, to build, and to put up, Teach me as well, to put up with. Apprentice me to the middle class. I am in trouble, I am deprived. I live in the slums. I am underprivileged. I am disadvantaged. I have not had what others have. I have filled up on the cheaper cuts but not been full. I have been sick needlessly. I have not had all my shots. I have lived on low wages and paid high interest. My griefs, Lord, are of the body first. My heart breaks last. I have lost, and I have lost out.

Now for the last being, for however long it takes, because I want mine, because others have theirs, because I should have it, because it would be good, because it is my right, because it would be wrong if I didn't have it, because I must have it... Give me, oh God, the courage for whatever needs to be done, give me, the patience for the Mickey Mouse and the endurance for the Brass, and give me, please, whatever I will have to do the things that must be done to be the person I need to be. Lord, let me win.

EXCERPT FROM MAR.-APR. ISSUE LODGERS LEDGER

Many of you readers probably noted the article "Portrait of a Loser" that appeared in the M.P. NEWS, February issue.

Many of you also probably read and wondered just as I did, What was the author trying to say? I confess that after reading and rereading "Portrait of a Loser" not just once but four times, I am still somewhat in the dark on several of the points discussed.

Most assuredly as the author points out, "Inebriation is no excuse for an inferiority complex based on hatred, lust or criminal intent," but in the next breath he goes on to state, "The majority of the prison inmates do not suffer this dilemma." The heck you say! How does it happen then that over 80 percent (Administration's statistics, not mine) pitifully cry, "I'm sorry."

Yesterday & **Today**

Don Phillips

Underworld Days of the Old Time Con, Second Story Genius, Boy Specialist, and Skillful Heist Artist, among others, have gradually faded into obscurity with the passing years. Replacing such spotlight of attention and ill-fame now appears the modern style of criminal element, based on mayhem and sadism, without thought of monetary gain. Their crude and unrealistic actions are found appalling even by those who, thru imprisonment or retirement, have ceased participation in the successful pursuit of unlawful practice. But no matter how deplorable such behavior of today's little monsters portray it, the younger set cannot be held wholly responsible for the 300 per cent rise in crime during the past twenty years. Surroundings, Environments and Pressures have played a major part. SURROUNDINGS--set by the poor example of parenthood which, in numerous cases, have placed social standings and importance above the duties of home and loved ones. ENVIRONMENTS--consisting of every evil enticement under protection of statutory law. MENTAL PRESSURE--from the atomic age of continuous warfare that promises the devastation of all earthly things. When the adult class has failed to pass the tests of guidance and strength of mind and action, can we expect the younger generation to carry the burden unfalteringly?

Youth of today are in search of recognition that home and community failed to offer. Such oversights have been due in part to congested areas, lack of sports and other organized club activities, conditions of home and, above all, idleness. These and many similar factors are the reason for teen-agers of the Go-Go era to turn elsewhere for release of pent-up emotions and energies. Plagued with uncertainty and inexperience, they become easy prey to the parlors of Vice, Gambling, Alcohol, and Narcotics. Here, under the spell of false popularity, their first step in crime begins. Riding Cloud Seven in a new-found role of self egotism and importance, thoughts of morals,

future or consequences are forgotten. The question is: What opinion and judgement shall be passed on these youthful offenders when that inevitable day of downfall and arrest materializes?

Confinement alone has proven inadequate towards the prevention of crime. Without competent psychoanalysis, treatment and understanding of individual problems, prison more often than not becomes only a point of graduation into so-called "Big Time." To reach a degree of success on the subject of crime prevention it might pay us to remember an old proverb which states that it is far better to build men than more prisons.

the GAG BAG

CARTOON BY WETZEL

"Lady, have you got any work for a poor man to do?" inquired a tramp at the back door.

"I'm sorry," said the woman regretfully, "but I couldn't give you enough to keep you occupied."

"Don't worry, Lady," the tramp reassured her. "You'd be surprised what little work it takes to keep me occupied."

The farmer's son was just back from college and the neighbor was inquiring about him. "Is the boy ambitious, Zeke?" he asked.

"He sure is," replied the father. "Why, he's figurein' on bein' so durned rich and successful that already he's startin' to look down on me as a sort o' poor relation."

An elderly man complained to his doctor that he wasn't feeling well.

"I'm doing all I can to help you," said the doctor. "You know, I can't make you young again."

"I don't want to be young again," the man replied. "I just want to keep on getting older."

Two married men were visiting an art museum. They paused before a large painting of a beautiful female figure entitled "Echo."

"I suppose the artist thinks it appropriate to show Echo as a woman because she always has the last word," mused one.

"That might be," conceded the other, "but on the other hand, an echo speaks only when spoken to."

Turning to her husband after the last guest had departed, the wife exclaimed, "I simply can't understand you. Why do you always insist on sitting on the piano stool whenever we entertain? Everyone knows that you can't play a note!"

"I know it, dear. And as long as I'm sitting there no one else can play either."

"I see that George asked you to marry him. Did he tell you that he had once proposed to me?"

"No, but he said that there were some things in his past that he was ashamed of."

One burglar remained on lookout outside while the other broke into the house. When his pal re-emerged, he inquired, "How much did you get?"

"Nothing," was the disgusted reply, "a lawyer lives here."

"Gee!" said the first burglar in alarm. "Did you lose anything?"

NEWS IN BRIEF

Mr. Jack Penrod resigned from supervising the Typing Class, and on February 28th Mr. George Field became this department's new supervisor. Mr. Field came to the Montana State Prison on April 4th, 1964 and was Supervisor of Industries 2--which contains the Shoe Shop, the the Mattress Shop, the Upholstery Department, and the Wood Finishing Department--from February to December of 1965. He is experienced in almost every department of custody in the prison.

It's that time again! The Montana Legislature has set out its listing of appropriations for the state institutions. $25,416,700 will be used over the next biennium to continue to run Montana's nine custodial institutions and the new Swan River Youth Camp.

Of this appropriation, "the State Prison at Deer Lodge will receive $3,796,200; warden $12,000 first year, $13,000 second year."

HELENA (AP)--The Montana Senate gave tentative approval Tuesday (February 21st) to a House-passed bill making a number of changes in the powers and duties of the State Board of Institutions.

Among other things, HB290 calls for changing the names of a number of institutions and allows a supervisor of an institution to be discharged without a hearing.

The measure also allows transfer of prisoners under the age of 21 from the State Prison to juvenile correctional facilities.

Sen. Gordon McOmber, D-Fairfield, spoke in support of the measure, saying it would update the laws concerning the board.

"We have been playing musical chairs with out institutions," said McOmber, "moving people from one place to another." He indicated that exactly what specific authority the board has had in such matters has been in

doubt.

Sen. William Hafferman, D-Libby, questioned the provision allowing a superintendent to be discharged without a hearing. But he seemed satisfied when McOmber explained this was the current procedure used by the University System Board of Regents.

Via The Montana Standard-Post

Plans are underway to replace the wire mesh on the visitors side of the visiting room with glass. At the present time it is covered with a semi-boiler-plate type of mesh which makes it impossible for the visitor and inmate to see each other. This was put up as the visitors were burning holes with cigarettes in the other type of steel screen.

This month the Honor Crew has been engaged in the remodeling of the low white building adjunct to the hospital, known as the old Tag Plant.

Using approximately one third of the space they are constructing four cells for psychotic prisoners who must be under observation. Two of these cells will be of the padded type while the other two will be equipped with bunks and a combination toilet sink for the housing of more rational prisoners.

There will be an eye examination area, shower and place for a male nurse at night. The nurse will have access to a red blinker light which will be used to summon aid in the event of an emergency.

Prisoner Offers To Donate Eye

A Deer Lodge prisoner is willing to give an eye so a blind girl can see.

And he doesn't expect to gain from his gift.

The prisoner, Richard D. Miller, wrote to D. W. Bowler, The Billings Gazette managing editor, about a girl who was blinded in an accident. The newspaper carried a story about her, he said.

He's been trying to find out more about her since January, but hasn't had any luck.

While Miller is particularly interested in donating his left eye to the girl, he said he'd give the eye to any person in Montana if she can't use it.

". . . I would like you to understand that I don't expect to gain anything by this," he wrote. "I am only trying to help some(one) else out."

People who have an hour to spare usually spend it with someone who hasn't.

the Cajun Kid

Joe Johnson

From down amongst the frogs and 'gators,
In the land of Mardi Gras,
Came a half wild Cajun feller,
Strangest thing you ever saw.

Started North to seek his fortune
From a town called New Orleans.
'Filthy Rich,' this Gator Cowboy,
Forty dollars in his jeans.

In a state - more like a stupor
Cajun George hit 'I-O-Way;'
Out of money and drinking liquor
Just when he'd begun to play.

"Guess I'll have to go in business -
Make myself a couple dollars."
This he did and things looked rosy
'Till some guy began to holler.

"Your check's no good," the barman shouted.
"Well, neither was your wine and beer,"
Guess the Judge believed the barman.
Must have been, he said ten years.

George done his ten - while doing it
He figured out his needs;
The biggest one seemed like a trip
To the Land of Lakes and Swedes.

"Minneapolis, here I come."
Better send the word around,
No town is safe, no place secure,
For this Cajun', 'or the town.'

It wasn't long 'till 'Gator George
Had settled down to crime,
And less than 'till 'till 'Gator George
Had forgotten how to think.

Then a pretty Swedish Lass,
Our hero chanced to find.
And all the hell and wild ideas
Absolutely left his mind.

Our saga could have ended here,
But no - the 'New Orleans'
Decided he should try again
To beat 'em with a scheme.

One more time with bars and checks;
One more chunk to score;
But far too many men had tried
To pull this stunt before.

Yep - 'Gator George was back in jail,
And in an awful fix;
But not as bad as it could have been,
The Judge just gave him six.

But something else had happened, too,
It wasn't quite the same,
'Gator George had something new
Connected with his name,

"A wife for me?" asked the 'Cajun,'
"And a little baby girl?"
Is this the same wild 'Gator Bait
Who'd set out to see the world?

The mirror showed the same old face,
But something down inside
Began to stir and make a fuss;
No longer would it hide.

This part of George that wasn't known
Came sifting to the top.
The Love and Care of his two "Swedes"
Brought him to a stop.

No longer was the urge to run
And 'Whoop 'er Up' so strong,
'Gator George just plain found out
What was right and wrong.

And when he did - just like that -
George made a brand new start,
"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. G.
"Nothing, just got smart."

No longer is he known as 'Cajie.'
No longer the 'Eight Ball.'
He's "Vampire George," (Hospital Tech)
A friend and help to all.

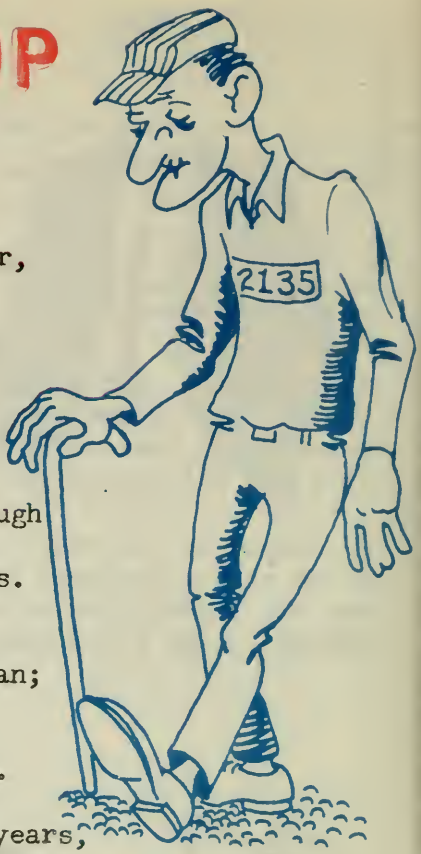
So, use this story as you will,
The message is all true,
Remember this - The Cajun kid
Was once all wrong. Are you"

The beer was spilled on the barroom floor,
The bar was closed for the night,
When out of the corner came a little blue mouse
Into the pale moonlight.

He lapped up the beer on the barroom floor
As he on his haunches sat,
And all through the night you could hear him shout,
"BRING ON THE BIG BLACK CAT!!"

"THOSE GUYS FROM CANDID CAMERA WOULD JUST LOVE FOR US TO FALL FOR THAT!"

YOUR OLD POP



The policeman said, "Hey, son,
I think you'd better stop.
Your crime-filled days are over,
Just like your old pop's.

"He never was a mighty man;
He never reached the top.
Just a plain and simple man--
That was your old pop.

"Seemed he never had money enough
To visit the store and shop,
So he turned to stealing things.
Yep--that was your old pop.

"Down Kansas way he killed a man;
Found out he was a cop.
He ran away to other lands.
Sure enough, that was your pop.

"The judge said, 'Ninety-nine years,
Pushing a dirty mop.'
He died inside these walls, son;
Don't be like your old pop!"

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LA BARGE JAYCEES

COMMUNITY BETTERMENT

THROUGH

PROJECTS AND ACTIVITIES

MONTANA

MARCH 1967

Roy Crosby, Editor

MONTANA STATE PRISON

LA SIETTE RETURNS

For some time, we of the La Barge Jaycees have not been producing our newsletter. We have decided, however, that we have sufficient news to merit the efforts needed to produce one and return to publication with a new club name. Our last newsletter was published under the name of M. P. JAYCEE NEWSLETTER; the new edition produces our new club name--LA BARGE JAYCEES. We trust our readers will find our newsletter both entertaining and informative.

JOB PLACEMENT PROJECT

Do you need a job in order to meet the conditions of your parole plan? Perhaps the Jaycees can help you locate one.

This is one of our most worthy projects. We are in the process of setting up our own "Job Placement Program" for inmates having trouble finding jobs on the outside. It looks as though we are finally making the necessary contacts and this project will soon bear fruit.

We are in hopes of being able to obtain help from other Jaycee groups throughout Montana and perhaps [illegible] other states.

With a little help this project could soon benefit a number of inmates who are presently institutionalized merely because they cannot find suitable employment. This could be you

The January parole board turned down a number of paroles for [illegible] very reason. Were you one of those men?

He who stands still gets nowhere, and he who is active never stands still. Think this over. Perhaps you can help us to help you. No one but you can activate yourself to move, but once you make up your mind to do so you will no longer stand still. Therefore, it is obvious that you must go somewhere; and how far you [illegible] depends largely upon [illegible]. [illegible] to [illegible], plus a [illegible] not enough. [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] the plans [illegible]. [illegible] petition [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

This sheet, in itself, is evidence of the importance of our project.

Perhaps you are not eligible for parole at this time. Why not help someone who is and then someone else may help you when it is your turn. This project is for you. Help to keep it going. We have been promised the cooperation of the parole board and several of the officials in this matter. Now we need you to help improve the project.

For further information, come and pay us a visit at 6:00 some Monday evening. EVERYONE IS WELCOME. Due to the size of your cell we cannot bring Jaycees to you. So we cordially invite you to join us. Think it over.

WELCOME

The La Barge Jaycees are always seeking for new members. If you are interested in activities, projects, and speaking--this is a club you should consider. We meet on Monday evenings at 6:00 P. M.

Outside JC visitors are also very welcome at our meetings. Any person or group of Jaycees should contact Mr. Joseph Yankoski, our Sponsor.

For community service and betterment, this is the club to investigate. You might want to be a member!

[illegible] A La Barge

[illegible] La Barge Jaycees now have a project going for a barber school in [illegible]. The Administration has approved this project and Robert Walgraves, the Project Chairman, has received a letter from the Board of Barber Examinations for the State of Montana stating "We will bring this up at our next meeting on April 9th of this year."

This project will enable an inmate to obtain an apprenticeship Barber's License while here in this institution. This apprenticeship license will be good only in Montana and is not to be valid in any other state.

After going through this school and passing the final examinations, an inmate may be paroled to go to work in any Barber Shop in the State of Montana as an apprentice Barber. If the Board of Barber Examiners pass this project the requirements will be as follows:

1. Any inmate having not less than one year to serve in this institution may have a chance to attend the school.
2. This course will take six months to complete.
3. We will try to train at least four men every six months.

All equipment for this school will be sponsored by the La Barge Jaycees at M. S. P.

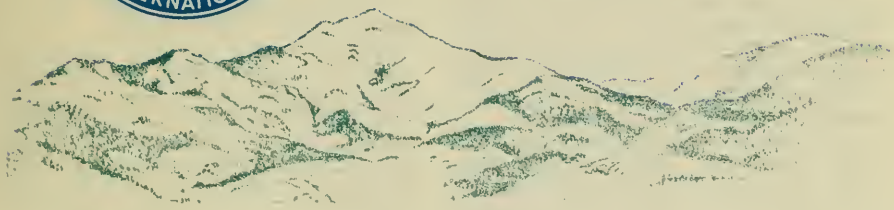
The instructor for this course will be Robert Walgraves. He is well qualified as he holds licenses for Montana, Oregon, Washington, and California. He also owned his own barber shop in Butte, Montana.

Upon completion of this course, the State Barber Examiner will be present to give the final examination.

This project is one of the most worthy of our projects now being promoted for the welfare and betterment of the inmates of this institution. It is very seldom any one man can do so much for so many. This is but one example of the efforts of those taking an active part in Jaycee activities. It is also true that a man seldom gets just credit for his efforts, so patiently taken, and his unwavering determination to do something to improve life for others.

Here is a man who is working hard to improve your chances. Let's give three cheers for Robert Walgraves and help wherever we can. If this project goes over, it will be you who are the benefactors! Come to Jaycees!

MOUNT POWELL GAVEL CLUB



MARCH 1967

Larry Dewey, Editor

MONTANA STATE PRISON

ELECTION CONTESTED

In our last newsletter we reported the election held on February 2nd. On February 9th some of these offices were contested by outgoing Parliamentarian Mel Graves on the grounds that all offices are to be filled by majority votes of all the ballots cast. Accordingly, we revoted on the offices of Educational Vice President and Administrative Vice President, but as the results left the newly elected men as reported last month we will forgo further details.

However, since then Mr. Robert Miller departed for Bothe Hall and President John Michel appointed Mr. Mel Graves to the office of Sergeant-at-arms.

[illegible]

February 24th found one of the largest gatherings of Montana Toastmasters in recent months competing in a Speech Contest at the Montana State Prison. Six clubs took part in the meeting sponsored by the Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club 141.

President John Michel opened the meeting, awarding certificates to winners of the Anniversary Speak-Off held on December 15th. He then introduced Mr. Joseph Yankoski, who delivered a Welcoming Address on behalf of the Prison Administration.

Following Mr. Yankoski's address, Mr. Michel introduced our Toastmaster for the evening, Educational Vice President James Frohs, and the contest was underway. Mr. Frohs introduced the Main Speakers as follows:

Mr. Pat Rice of Butte Toastmasters 578 spoke on the subject "Life Is Real."

Next came two Capital Toastmasters 940 members from Helena. Dr. Ed Shaffer rendered a humorous speech, "He Who Laughs," and Mr. Ken Dozahl spoke on "A Fun Night."

Both of the Helena Toastmasters clubs were clearly out to win and Helena Toastmasters 467 had two angry contestants in the contest. Mr. Ben Liberg gave a thought-provoking speech called "The Grey Area." He was followed by his fellow club member, Mr. Dick Baker, who set the patriotic theme of the evening with "Freedom On the Installment Plan."

Next up was a man who the members of Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club 141 had been hearing of for quite some time. In other contests here in which he has competed he never failed to place. Mr. [illegible] Medriff of Gallatin Toastmasters 502

from Bozeman didn't place this time, but it certainly wasn't due to any lack of speech technique. He delivered a fine speech entitled "The Greatest Man of All Times, Perhaps."

Mr. Asgar Mikkelson, also a member of Gallatin Toastmasters 362 of Bozeman, demonstrated every facet of what it means to deliver "a perfect speech." Speaking on "Destiny of Time--Open Mind," he left no doubt through gestures and voice modulation what he meant.

The President of the La Barge Jaycees of M. S. P. was called on next. Mr. Jim Spurlock delivered a speech on "Institutional Self-Betterment."

Also representing the La Barge Jaycees was Mr. Leroy Schleining, their club Secretary. His speech was a portrayal of "Stinking Thinking."

Once again the patriotic theme was presented as Mr. Larry Dewey, Secretary of Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club 141, delivered his speech on important events in the lives of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln telling us "What It Means to Be an American."

The last Main Speech contestant was a last minute replacement for Mr. Roy Crosby of our club who was unable to attend the contest due to sickness. Mr. Lawrence Morran filled the vacancy very ably, delivering a speech entitled "As Time Goes On."

Following the Main Speeches, Mr. Froh called for a break in our program to allow for the serving of refreshments (coffee and cookies) and to allow the judges to compare their findings and choose winners in the Main Speech division of the contest.

Upon calling the meeting back to order, Mr. Froh introduced Mr. Orson Murray from Helena Toastmasters 487 who acted as Chief Evaluator for this meeting. Mr. Murray evaluated each Main Speaker and each part of the evening's program. He demonstrated by his example exactly what real constructive criticism means, something our club has needed, and also announced the winners as:

Highest Honors----Mr. Asgar Mikkelson
2nd Highest Honors-----Mr. Ben Ulberg
3rd Highest Honors----Mr. Bud Shaffer

Also, it should be mentioned that Mr. Leroy Schleining of the La Barge Jaycees was the only contestant from the prison to place in the program. Mr. Murray, upon evaluating his speech, stated that he deserved Honorable Mention.

Following the evaluations, Mr. Froh introduced Mr. Larry Dewey as the Table Topics Master for the Evening. As it was hoped that each club would be represented, Mr. Dewey asked for a Butte Toastmasters 378 member to be entered in the contest.

Mr. Pat Rice rose, stating that his colleagues were busy as judges for the contest, and volunteered his services as a Topic Speaker. He was asked the loaded question "What did your name mean to your parents?" and came through with a very good speech.

Mr. Joe Stewart of the Capital Toastmasters Club 940 was called next to deliver a speech on "What does Toastmasters mean to you?" He answered the question by mentioning that he himself is fairly new to the organization and went on to deliver an excellent topic speech.

Our good evaluating friend was called forward to represent the Helena Toastmasters 487 club. Mr. Orson Murray was asked "What are your ideas concerning pre-release and half-way house projects?" Speaking highly in favor of these projects, he won further respect from all of us concerning his speaking ability.

Time ran out, so Mr. Dewey, at the request of President John Michel, explained our ideas concerning organizing a committee of "free world" and prison Toastmasters for mutual benefit and the proposal presented during the refreshment break that we hold another Speech Contest the last Thursday or Friday of April. Then Mr. Dewey relinquished the podium to Toastmaster James Froh.

Mr. Froh stated that all the Topic Speakers had placed, creating humor among the audience, and returned the gavel to our President.

President Michel thanked our visitors for coming and the Judges for their participation. The Judges were Mr. Orson Murray from Helena Toastmasters 487, Mr. Tom Carkeek from Butte Toastmasters 378, and Mr. Richard McDonald from Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club 141.

BROTHERHOOD

Box 7
Deer Lodge, Montana

MARCH 1967
Larry Dewey, Editor
MONTANA STATE PRISON

SIN
by Michel Quoist

I have fallen, Lord,
Once more.
I can't go on, I'll never succeed.
I am ashamed, I don't dare look at you.
And yet I struggled, Lord, for I knew you were right near me, bending over me, watching.
But temptation blew like a hurricane,
And instead of looking at you I turned my head away.
I stepped aside.
While you stood, silent and sorrowful,
Like the spurned fiance who sees his loved one carried away by the enemy.
When the wind died down as suddenly as it had risen,
When the lightning ceased after proudly streaking the darkness,
All of a sudden I found myself alone, ashamed, disgusted, with my sin in my hands.

Come, son, look up.
Isn't it mainly your vanity that is wounded?
If you loved me, you would grieve, but you would trust.
Do you think that there's a limit to God's love?
Do you think that for a moment I stopped loving you?
But you still rely on yourself, son.
You must rely only on me.
Ask my pardon,
And get up quickly.
You see, it's not falling that is the worst,
But staying on the ground.

from Prayers

FEBRUARY'S MEETINGS

Perhaps nothing plays a more vital part in the Brotherhood's programs than music. Thru the gospel-songs and hymns we sing, the recordings we listen to, and the specials rendered by guests we often learn new insights into the life of Christ and what it means to have a vital and meaningful Christian commitment. Often we have sing-alongs using recorded music, such being the case on February 7th when we sang along with Tennessee Ernie Ford's "Sing a Spiritual With Me." From time to time Chaplain John Rex would throw out a question concerning a phrase or sentence in a song and we would find stimulating discussion in trying to answer the question. Sometimes we would have a question and he would be the one to answer.

February 14th found Rev. Charles Jackson and Brother Gene Bauman of the Deer Lodge Assembly of God acting as sponsors for our Inside Brotherhood meeting. This meeting contained a number of fine testimonies by Joe Eder, Frank Johnson, Leonard Hammer, and Joe Johnson. Rev. Jackson followed these with an extended testimony on how God had increased his faith by revealing how He was taking care of Brother Jackson and some passengers during a bad automobile crash. Then Brother Jackson introduced Brother Gene Bauman, who delivered the evening's message. Brother Bauman told us the true story of how an Australian native was converted to Christ, went to Bible school, flunked all the courses, and still managed to return to his people and become an effective Gospel preacher. This man, in fact, reached hitherto unreached tribes and started a church. Continuing on, Brother Bauman shared the highlights of a sermon he had heard when a Sister Kabe preached in the local Assembly. This sermon, which made quite a strong impact, was called "Behold the Man." The notes he had on it were given by brother

Lauman to our Secretary, who typed up copies to be distributed among any of our members who wanted them.

Occasionally the Brotherhood receives a pleasant surprise, and this was true during the meeting of February 21st. Not expecting a visitor for that evening, we were quite happy to see Brother Hugh Croughan, a favorite visitor, with us again. Brother Croughan brought a young man, Brother Dennis Tinker, with him from the Anaconda Baptist Church. Brother Croughan delivered a good testimony during our testimony session and shared copies of a thought-provoking tract, "The Waning Authority of Christ In the Churches." This being Brotherhood Week, which is always the week of Washington's birthday, President Leonard Warner set the thought of the meeting on Christian love--agape love --the self-giving, divine love that comes from God. Chaplain Rex was in charge of the program portion of the agenda for this meeting and showed a filmstrip, "Me In a Pulpit," with a recorded script. This filmstrip gave a powerful portrayal of the Christian's life as a pulpit from which other people come to know Jesus Christ. Perhaps the most revealing part of the filmstrip was the part that showed how all Christians have the battle of the conflicts between their old natures before coming to Christ, pulling them back to the old life, and the new nature, which needs to grow in Christ before it becomes fully effective. This same conflict is revealed in the writings of St. Paul, one remarkable example being Galatians 5:13-25.

In a real jam-packed meeting of Gospel-songs, testimonies, and specials, the Junior Brotherhood closed the month's meetings on February 28th. Brother Gene Lauman was our guest speaker and gave a testimony-type message on "Being Happy to Be a Christian" and "How God Answers Prayer." Enjoyed also were a recorded rendition of "Ten Thousand Angels" by former member and President Jennie Leach and two solos by Brother Jon Mikkelsen: "How Long Prayer" and "Not For Fortune." Thus ended a month of profitable Spirit-inspired meetings. We look forward to more good fellowship in the weeks ahead!

THE GOSPEL OF FAITH
according to St. Paul

Now I would remind you, brethren, in what terms I preached to you the gospel, which you received, in which you stand, by which you are saved, if you hold it fast--unless you believed in vain.

For I delivered to you as of first importance what I also received, that Christ died for our sins in accordance with the scriptures, that he was buried, that he was raised on the third day in accordance with the scriptures, and that he appeared to Cephas, then to the twelve. Then he appeared to more than five hundred brethren at one time, most of whom are still alive, though some have fallen asleep. Then he appeared to James, then to all the apostles. Last of all, as to one untimely born, he appeared also to me. For I am the least of the apostles, unfit to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace toward me was not in vain. On the contrary, I worked harder than any of them, though it was not I, but the grace of God which is with me. Whether then it was I or they, so we preach and so you believed.

Now if Christ is preached as raised from the dead, how can some of you say that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there is no resurrection of the dead, then Christ has not been raised; if Christ has not been raised, then our preaching is in vain and your faith is in vain. We are even found to be misrepresenting God, because we testified of God that he raised Christ, whom he did not raise if it is true that the dead are not raised. For if the dead are not raised, then Christ has not been raised. If Christ has not been raised your faith is futile and you are still in your sins. Then those also who have fallen asleep in Christ have perished. If for this life only we have hoped in Christ, we are of all men most to be pitied.

But in fact Christ has been raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have fallen asleep.

I Corinthians 15:1-20

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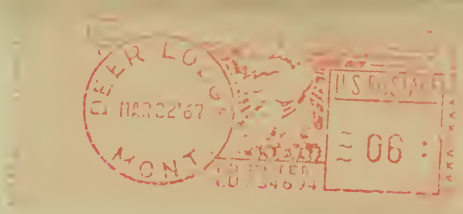

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